And ſo offend him: for I tell you Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord we can containe our ſelues,
Were he the verieſt anticke in the world.
Lord. Go ſirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himſelfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obſeru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: What is't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe-conuei'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a waterie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.

Exit a ſeruingman.

I know the boy will well vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard huſband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelues from laugh
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
Ile in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the ouer-merrie ſpleene,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, ſome wit
Baſon and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lo
Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale.
1 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip drinke a cup o
2 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Honor taſte of theſe Co
3. *Ser.* What raiment will your honor weare t
Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not mee Ho
ſhip: I ne're dranke ſacke in my life: and if you giu
ſerues, giue mee conſerues of Beefe: nere aſk me w
weare, for I haue no more doublets then Backes:
ings then legges: nor no more ſhooes then feet, nay
feet then ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes looke
uer leather.
Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idle humor in your Ho
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch diſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteeme
Should be infuſed with ſo foule a ſpirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I C
old *Sliesſonne* of Burton-heath by byrth a Pedler,
Cardmaker, by tranſmutation a Beare-heard, and n
profeſſion a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the
Wincot, if ſhee know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not
ſcore for ſheere Ale; ſcore mee vp for the lyi
Chriſtendome. What I am not beſtraught: here's
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie m
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that makes your ſeruants d
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhuns
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy ſeruants do attend on thee,